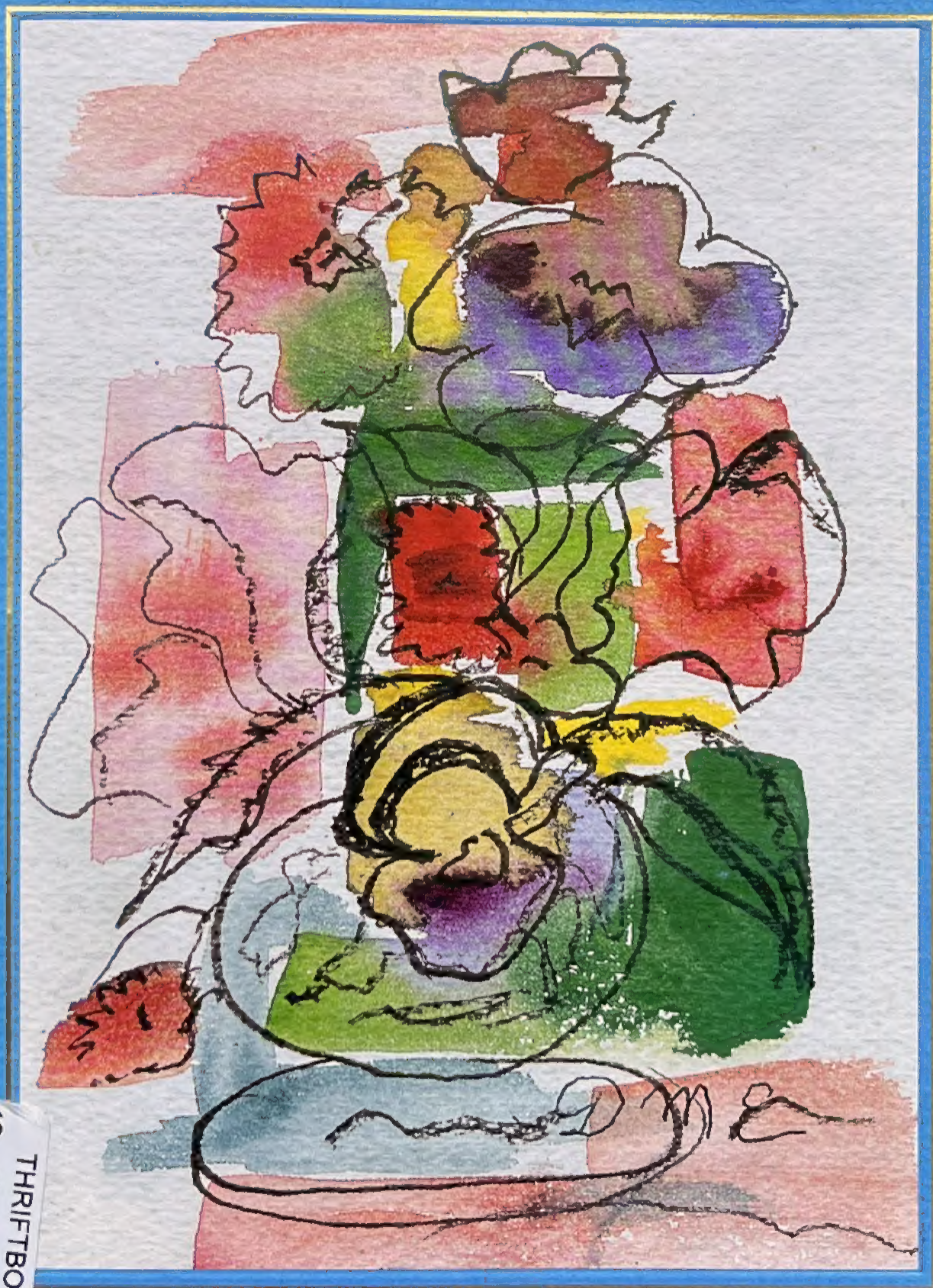


blue running lights



David Eberhardt

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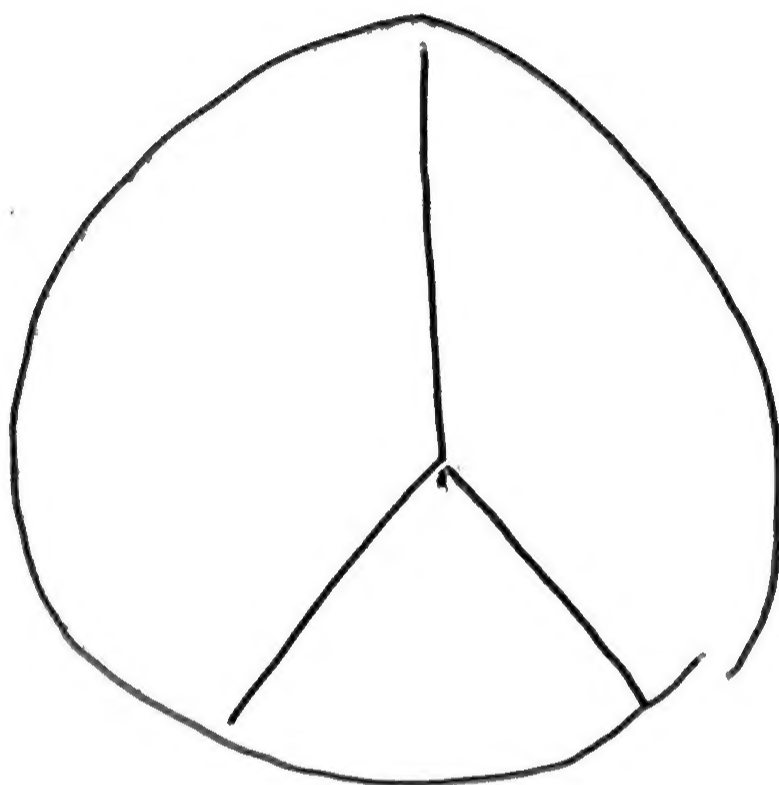
Don't - an

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supports Women's
Lib!

blue running lights



David Eberhardt

Dave E

Abecedarian Books
Baldwin, Maryland

blue running lights
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LYNDA GOLDSMITH, OURAY MEYERS, CATHY PERMUT,
ALAN C. REESE, AND JOSEPH SMITH.

Alternate Titles:

Nights in the Cloud Forest

The Properties of Wind

Dynamics in Rachmaninoff

We Live on the Night Ocean

Place Names

CONTENTS

PREAMBLE, SELMA, ALABAMA,	
CIVIL RIGHTS MOVEMENT	1
POSSIBLY POLITICAL POEM	2
DEMONSTRATION FOR AMERICANS	3
ANTI-WAR POEMS	4
NOV. 15, '69 MARCH ON WASHINGTON	
“STOP THE WAR, STOP THE DEATH MACHINE”	7
CHERRY SODA	9
BLUE HAIR	10
PSALM	11
INSCRIBED STELA ON TENOCHTITLAN SQUARE	
(the Zocalo), MEXICO CITY	12
PERIOD PIECE, A HOLESOME POEM, RECIPE,	
AUBADE, SWIMMING YOUR BLACK POOL	13
HOLLYWOOD CEMETERY	14
JUNE, JANE, JEAN (a lover's quarrel)	15
DEDEDEDEDEDEDEDE DEATH	17
PLAIN SPOKEN POEM	19
ANOTHER POEM WITH VIOLENCE IN IT	20
THE DIVORCE	21
CALVARY	22
LIKE A STEADY SENSE OF SHINING	24
LOVE THAT DOESN'T WORK OUT	26
TO C	28
KLUANE RANGE	29
JAMAICA	31
TWO ZEN POEMS	32

“Sharp Edges,” Lawrence Goldsmith	34
NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SPECIAL	35
THE LAWERI	37
“Beyond Taos,” Ouray Meyers	38
FALL ASPENS	39
DIRGE/REQUIEM FOR THE	
MONTE VERDE GOLDEN TOAD	40
SHORT AND NOT SO SHORT POEMS,	
PARODIES, FRAGMENTS, DOGGEREL,	
DRINKING SONGS	42
FENDING OFF DEATH	45
TWO LATE POEMS	49
About the Author	51

PREAMBLE, SELMA, ALABAMA,
CIVIL RIGHTS MOVEMENT

homage to Wallace Stevens

Police cannot become, there are
Aubades then just a pause
For hope, it's
Filled in by their badge,
A kind of ache, a silver ruse.
The dawn
So full of grainy light, its
Flux of light like marl-
A dream of bits and pieces,
Swims under "the law," is gone.
Then it's daylight clear.
"Here comes the law."
The cops, who always "are"
Never "appear;"
The ideals
Behind your protest may seem real...
Cops ARE!

POSSIBLY POLITICAL POEM

"Little America"
Salt Lake
For the Mormons
Was "the place,"
Now, not far past
Is Barry's Amoco/ "Little America"
With
35 pumps, maybe
The world's largest
Gas station?

DEMONSTRATION FOR AMERICANS

In memory: Phil Berrigan

Settlers,
A bright compost
Like must or
Haze from gaps,
Frost on lichens.
They've got the
Knack of
Running away
And starting over,
They leave so often
(For the mountains)
It's hard
To get to know them.

Still, we'll
Pin down the best in them.

ANTI-WAR POEMS

Dedicated to Jonah House

1 O Lord give us
Loose clothes,
Peace in the
Body,
In the
Snake brain, the
Horse one and especially
The “human,” its
Electrical storms under
The skull tops, goddamn they
Go zizzing too!

2 Army relies on
Machines to
Replace man as in
Westmoreland address to the Congress ('69).

The old cavalry
Helicoptered or
Drone planed out of
Existence.

Makes it
Easy on
Conscience.
All you do is
Push buttons.

(in a jaunty Kiplingnesque style)

After Vietnam, our wars'll be squeaky clean, boys
And, sadly, girls- you won't have to break a sweat.
You won't miss a meal; it'll be so surgical,

And only the lower class will be fighting.

3 Yes, Americans
Can be
Cynical, human
Beings can be, see
Each other as
Role plays, not as
Humans, we
“Have withdrawn from bonds
To the human community.”

4 Long time in peace movement
Finding no peace only mucho
Problems, always
The egos, the wildness
Of a beast not to be tamed,
Too often
Tamed by corporate
Format or grid layout
With boxes labeled “VP” or
“Fiscal” or “Procurement”
Laid out under each other
Box to box
With lines drawn to show
Hierarchy and boss pattern
Where everyone “fits.”

And yet there are
“Plowshares” actions-
Attacks against
Aegis battleships
At Bath Iron Works
Or versus “warthog” A-10s at
Martin Marietta- a demo there-

Max, Dan, and
Elizabeth- some poured blood..
Berrigans bit by bit building
A movement...

5 More peace in
Bodies touching than
Most peace work (Air
Force not included
As peace work as in
Bull shit slogan:
"Peace is Our Profession");
Peace a lot in
Land curves like
Shell Rock
State Park as of
Evenings (the cedars
I didn't expect
To find here in Iowa).

NOV. 15, '69 MARCH ON WASHINGTON- "STOP THE
WAR, STOP THE DEATH MACHINE"

(as "marshalls" we had trained and stayed overnight in a church)

4th & D streets, & get that for the driver ...
Plus specifics re non-violence
That the "new mobe" provides you;
In front of the White House, flood lights set there
So bright as to blind.

Clasp the event shut as they used to hold lockets
Enameled like church stained glass, dark green,
Gold, say,
Or blue and dark purple, angels,
Wings with flame colored hinges.

Why do some trees have leaves now, others not?
Who makes that decision? mind wanders
At meetings. Could we, unlike our
Fathers and mothers, be honest?
Perfect as Krishna always choosing
The alternate route that stops trouble?

Front and center- youth, we (you)
Are leaving, always leaving, Capitol
Will leave too tho' it seems solid enough
And U.S. will, to drum cadence, like a Kennedy.
Look ahead- yr. own funeral!

You fade out in the vein mesh
Leaf din of November,
Your funeral to the
Music you chose:
Hymns
149, 81,

But for now-
How lights hang from a roof, how a woman's
Hair sizzles in stained glass light, how they train you
With grace in non-violence at the Ebenezer
Methodist Church, 4th & D streets.

Some learned
Just to be able to start, to be able to finish.

CHERRY SODA

from Lewisburg Federal Prison

Beating off “in
The teeth” of my
“Masters” in their
Guard towers (they can’t
See me through
The leaves where I’ve climbed
Up a cherry tree, the
White gobs gouting
Out like pits after
You’ve eaten, furry red
And I cum easy like I
Eat, shit or bleed...
Go fuck others
Clouds all noble
Overhead in white bulbs
But maybe
When in prison
Fuck yrself?
Says the bark,
Copper purple,
The wind spans, slaps,
Tugs at me, I
Spit pits free and
My eyes glaze
Adding my fizz
To the tree fizz.

BLUE HAIR

to L from Lewisburg Federal Prison

I want to see
How your face changes
When you cum.
What are we
Put on earth for?
When you bend over,
Your breasts blade
More real than the Alleghenies
We kept watching
From our cells,
Couldn't reach them!

The state evaporates
As you approach, but it
Keeps us here! We
Dream/walk towards
Mountains 'til they form rare
Thighs, faces and blue hair.

PSALM

from Lewisburg Federal Prison

Somewhere the poise
In a stone
Might feed the poor,
In that
Wealth distributed
Equally...
But not here.

Somewhere blood jasper,
Moss agate (stones you can
Find on the beach)
Comfort like money and
There's nothing
But justice, no
Work nor person
Better.

Watch how
Clouds settle towards evening
And rose coats them
And they fire and bloom
Like scenes in sliced jade.
There is truth-beauty-justice.
Here we settle for law,
i.e. injustice.

INSCRIBED STELA ON TENOCHTITLAN SQUARE (the Zocalo), MEXICO CITY

The following is inscribed on a giant slab on the Plaza of Three Cultures. It commemorates protestors who were murdered there by troops. The protesters had been opposed to the take-over of the National University by soldiers of the Mexican government just prior to the 1968 Olympics.

“These are the friends who fell Oct. 1968 on this square:”

The names follow.

“And many other friends whose names and ages we do not know.”

This is a translation of the poem:

“Who?

The next day no one remembered any of them!

When the next day came, the square was clean.

The main news in the papers was the weather.

On TV, on radio, in the movies there were no changes in program.

No announcements in between programs.

Not a minute of silence at the banquet.

(But the banquet proceeded).”

Coda, added by D E:

In 2002, new photos come to light-

Portray obvious/student dead, still no prosecution-

400 dead, media remaining silent.

Upon the skull rack that is Mexico,

The Chac Mool* of sacrifice still sits.

Vincente Fox who is the latest tool

Doles out the latest capitalist shit!

* Mayan sculpture with bowl for hearts of the sacrificed

PERIOD PIECE, A HOLESOME POEM, RECIPE,
AUBADE, SWIMMING YOUR BLACK POOL

Lemmee stay in your black crotch, in the
Rawness each month, my nose in
Your flower, keep my tongue in
Your soft ears, salt marsh-
Peat bog strong enough to
Preserve corpses, the
Between-your-legs tender
As coasts
Where the changes take place; sea meets land!
Estuarial tide pools of brine wrack,
Sea logs, star fish mouldering, kelp beds.
I dredge grease
With my pole like when pa gutted mackerel
On the oar thwarts, ranks of mussel
In the black
Of your hair pool and hair pie, me gobbling
It all in...linseed oil,
Blood and cooking, olive oil,
The cobweb that fills up a wound.
Anointed I am for the day in your oil,
As painters clear brushes I step
From you enrobed in your purple;
Your black hairs sprout out of my mouth!

HOLLYWOOD CEMETERY

*overlooking the James River, Richmond, Va.
city of Poe, endlessly burning*

Past China St., Pine, on Oregon Hill,
(It's not California, but it might as well be),
Ospreys fly up out of cypress like redwoods,
Pure white wisteria against violet porches,
Louisiana, Gulf cities, and porches forever.

The confederacy's gone down, defeated again;
Beyond Belle Island the city's still burning.
My actress mother* buried in disgrace;
Theatre burns, they replace it: a church,
Church burns, back comes the theatre;
All of them burn and all the people in them.

Still the river flows by Belle Island
In its marcel waves and ash brown braids;
At the foot of the cemetery where the "famous" have markers;
The river licks burning, towers never stop rising
Then falling back in the flames of the theatre.

Funerals wind into tighter, tighter spaces.
"I had not thought death unravelled so many faces."**
Until the stones start repeating themselves.
"A star sets, rises on the other shore,"
Like to see you again, babe, but it's nevermore,
"At rest until resurrection and reunion,"
"Til the dawn breaks and the shadows flee,"
May the woman I loved so remember me.

*Edgar Allan Poe

**Dante quoted by Eliot

JUNE, JANE, JEAN (*a lover's quarrel*)

*trying for more lightness but still too heavy,
maybe in July shoot off some sparklers*

You lean down from your horse, crush sage in your fingers.
Meanwhile I'm floating just ahead of the storm in my rainbow
Balloon, one fat rib of it purple,
One light blue, one dark blue, and one violet...
But, "Let's watch out, we're drifting too low
Towards the power lines!!" (We ought to cast
High towards the dangerous
Power lines-
Which pop, snap, and hum where the buzzards sit)
Rise above them!!
And our petty differences...
If we want to continue.

Propane huffs up into the balloon sacks
(Like Darth Vader breathing, only mellower)...
And I ride out the storm,
Then put down, wait the storm out, meanwhile
You've gone back to the house to squish bay leaves
For perfume.

After the rain, evenings, the fireflies go "bleet, bleet."
'Til night's studded with basilisk eyes like
Those stars in the poem throw their swords down...
They're all over the place like heat lightning.
In your tropics they take over whole trees 'til they glisten throb
Like house lights douse on and off when
The flash hits the juice....
Maybe we were
Such "an item"? But...

We didn't
Stay together very long.
And Jane says,
About fireflies:
"It was cruel when,
We were kids,
Pulled their tails off
To make bracelets."

They glew
Like a few
Star
Wars!

DEDEDEDEDEDEDEDE DEATH

*to Eddy & Sissy & Gabby & Guggums, the Poes,
the Rosettis and all that buried life*

Me following women up to the grave,
Me and Rosetti, but not Edvard Munch.
Your hair after you died had filled the coffin,
As if it had rooted, it began to grow,
This time the dark warm under it though
Was not your mouth or cunt... but even so...
Rosetti crowd, whimpering, bound to be
Part of the wind forever, unquiet,
Pent up for dissembling.
I want to be honest.

Give up your secrets before the end!
Or find yourself unlived. Dishonesty
Collects in graveyards: on one stone:
"Unrevealed to self, let alone others,
Now no place left to turn," or,
"Refused masturbation"... "Too much chloral"...
Not that I'm any better!
Boaahwahahahmahwmmmmmmmmmmmm;
Chinese gong hit opening up
Lanes to the land of the dead.
I have been here before
Horns "off stage, wie die ferne."
"Ich bin schauernd," shuddering
To see striding towards me out of the yews,
Steady hovering just a little over the ground
Approaching through an old cemetery preserved in the city,
Itself a city, no more tomb room,
An old angel, you know which, with the skull.

Horror of breathing, of
Not coming back ever!

U
V
D

PLAIN SPOKEN POEM

sort of a villanelle (male to female)

Underneath it all I realize, I'm afraid!
You? you want to incorporate me, go on tingling forever...
It seems your genitals are more complex and delighted?

I worry a lot, e.g. driving along,
I'll wonder what if my brakes fail,
How best cushion the blow, on that guard rail?

I worry a lot, I worry some more.
Most of the time just wish I had it made.
Underneath it all I realize, I'm afraid.

I hate it when we finish fucking,
Especially if I've reached far down to cum,
Now that the lust's gone, guess what starts filling the hole?

More lust, yes, but also the anger, the sadness.
Then comes old age- death at the core.
I worry a lot, I worry some more.

Sometimes I arrive at my/our own deepest cumming.
Something says, open the door, open the door!
I worry a lot, I worry some more.

Who's calling? For an instant there's calm, then
They start over: Mr. Fear, Mr. Loss, but where's Mr. Find!?
See why I fear fucking, fear getting laid?
I realize underneath it all I'm afraid.

ANOTHER POEM WITH VIOLENCE IN IT

She stands at the ready to one side;
She holds a knife who used to be my bride,
Wonders, so this is what men do to men?
I push him to the floor
Who was fucking her so hard before.
(I heard them all the way up the stairs...)
(I planned to be there, waited at the door....)
(I like the pain, I want some more...)

Shift scene, cross-cut, I'm running in the woods again.
It's autumn or spring. Oh, isn't it always?
The sky all gorn*, the trees bleed purple jealousy.
The falling leaves or budlets asking, who-who-who (*read tapering off*)
The stupid, bullshit thunder clouds black blue-blue-blue...

* I made up a word like Wallace Stevens.

THE DIVORCE

The partner just right for you
Just passed you in the supermarket;
You didn't get to meet him/her tho'...
S/he was a couple of aisles over.
All I wanted was a "rock and roller,"
A blithe spirit, could get into
Fantasies, just a bit moist
Like fresh coffee or driving
Straight thru' to Florida,
That avenue of cedars just before Savannah
Down 95, then the
Long tidal marsh part,
River refineries,
Stacks lit up like Christmas;
("That bride lady's
Dead, Mistuh Dave"),
On a more positive note
I remember
Hitting this stretch
Before dawn, in blue grey,
Wife and son, a fine milk smell
Like cedar drawers inside.

CALVARY

Sometimes the faces
Of the women I'm close to
Seem like saviors:
Mom, wife, others, Sophie Scholl*
With her brother
Before their arrest,
Tossing leaflets
Into the lobby, faces remind me
Of evenings and purpose-
Passing through the "quads"
Between dorms at Oberlin
College - learning/home/haven:
Supper spoons tinkling...
To the library at night
Surrounded,
By blue elms; or going
To Dr. Borngiorno's
Dante class...

They remind me of Scotland
Or Denver
That great wall
Of mountains,
After the long plains, a promise:
Sarah-Canaan
Of oceans to come,
Of white roses,
The road climbing, it gets cooler.

Their warm bush of furze under grey wool,
O let's make it plaid,
Mendelssohnian heather.
Violet tines of the thistles

We grew up with
In Vermont the gold finches
Among them.

The faces of women
In a room by the piano
Keyboards,
Leading me forward, snapping
Beside me, bright guidons.

*member of the “White Rose” peace group, arrested by the Gestapo in 1943 for
leafleting at the University, guillotined soon thereafter .

LIKE A STEADY SENSE OF SHINING

My lover approaches
Kind of a
Eastern woods
Butterfly,
A Buckeye,
A meister, e.g.
Texture de meerschaume,
Wings the color of
Dusk in limes,
In cocoa,
Somehow brushy and
Bushy,
Wings flopping
Invitational,
Mahogany burnished,
A roan color
With great blue spots
Jupitorius,
Atmospherically,
Changing color like breathing
From dusk blue to light purple

I am deeply
Moved how your
Cunt seats
Just a pinch but
So deeply,
Hung
Like a bell,
Breasts deep also,
Tilting forward
Quite a little.

Now I'm walking
In pine woods
Silver before
Spring
That old shed smell.
The butterfly
Another brand new lover,
Like that trail head
Down into
Haleakela crater, or
On its ridge,
Silerswords, past
Timberline, cloud line even,
Then the descending
Switchbacks,
Just that bright,
And that cold.

LOVE THAT DOESN'T WORK OUT

At the singles dances,
I think, sagely,
"Your mom wants you Erin."
Heather prefers to
Dance alone to the reggae,

I escape by thinking
Of Lake Maninjou,
Sumatra, where rice terraces
Come down to the water.

Dancing with
Miss difficult Ireland,
She will tell me
Who she is but only
Once she's gone!

Smear
Your blood on my face then,
Whisper why you can't cum,
How it stings..
And say... "I'm
Holding it back"
Meaning love?

"Love" might be falling
In love with an image of
Self, when the self changes
The love must!
So in a way it
Doesn't matter
If you leave me.
You, green wave,

Sheer wave.

(O, I always knew you
Were “holding it back” and
Instead of cumming
You’d weep.

I hold back too much
myself!)

TO C

Didn't you know I'd stand beside you for the dance
And you'd come halfway to meet me?
Afterward on the ride home:
Sun in the tulip poplar cuplets,
Bottom lands we rode through
On Sundays, hymnals we sang from,
Long grace of summer pouring down
Over us like a meal, like gravy...
Warm must of summer,
Gravy of home outside of Olathe,
Osage City,
Outside Gardner, Kansas...to Cathy.

KLUANE RANGE

a husband and wife, one a pilot

Nights shimmying
Behind each other
Into the sleep hole,
Homecoming, we
Curry each other,
We give each other
Direction
To moor to
As moss grows
On north sides
Of trees. Lying
Spoon fashion
Behind you or
Vice versa

Crowds of waves
Follow each other on
Planets almost
Wholly ocean...

We return home from
Deep space to
The home planet called
"Glow worm"...
Emerald grids
Of its cities
At the harbors...

Then we tether
In the cool
Of our shoulders,

JAMAICA

*a National Geographic Poem-
my offering*

Great boas hammer on
Stupendous sidings, choosing
To punch out each skin panel
'til it's purple and gold
Like scenes on bead purses,
Then move on sloughing hide
'til it dries up and crinkles
Into dust at the hinges
Since they choose to, we all
Choose to be where we are, in a way.
You there, me leaving
This poem like stones
Piled into a cairn on the path...

I've chosen Manado, Grenada
In blue din of spice warehouses
Crushing nutmeg, stripping
Web off the mace.

I choose a flower shed inside with
Bark mix and humus and
Ginger for weeping, orchids,
Staghorn, palest plumbago,
Morning glories all over—the blue ones;
Lobelia “crystal palace,”

And for hunger Christophene squash,
Soursops “mon,” hands bananas,
Plaintain foo foo, goon goo peas.

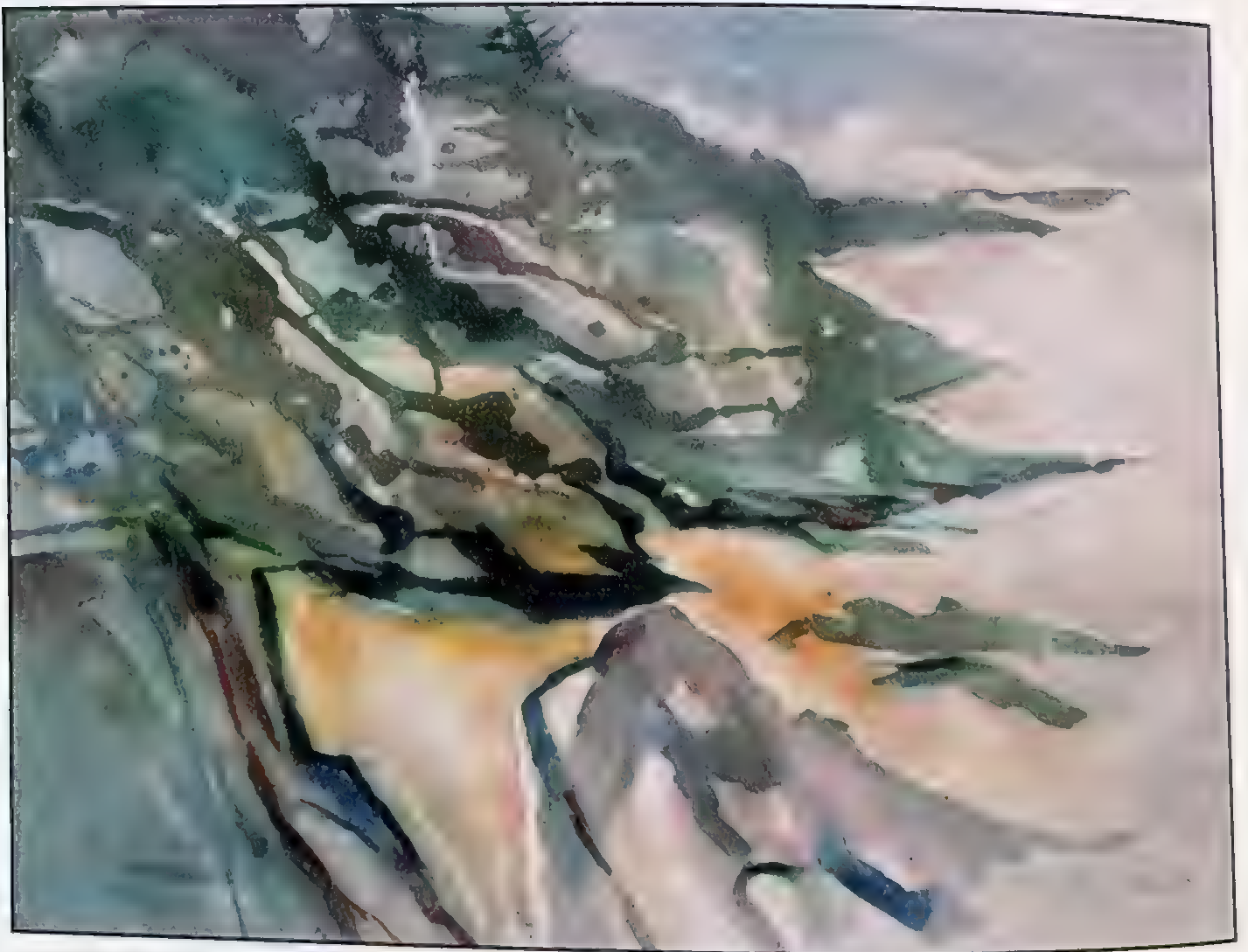
TWO ZEN POEMS

1.
So much bright movement
On the trail this morning...
“Chuff, chuff,” Ti-
betan ground squirrels, eagles
Turning in spirals
Up cliff walls, lammageirs
Spinning on up
Ice faces
Like prayer wheels and
Wind snapping
Prayer flags.
Far below
River
Living its lives
On the way down, us
Following
Switchbacks
All the way up alongside
The Suli Gad
Towards
The white-blue mass
World roof
Perfection –
Anna Purna,
Nanda Devi,
Saying
The sutra:
“Diamond mountain,” saying,
The zen koan:
“So many rivers
To choose from...
One disappears in

Mid air," "What
River
Falls so deep it
Turns to
Mist before
Hitting
The bottom?"

2. QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Why should steps down to the water
Mean anything? What's the
"Gate without shadows"?
Odor of water, of
Memory, for-
getting, "ver-
gissen"...
The answer
Is the daughter: Mnemosyne,
Goddess
Of memory, waker
Of longing, yes, but also
Consoling
Sweeping up like a broom.
Thankfully,
You forget everything:
Childhood,
The night ocean,
Blue lights running.



"Sharp Edges," Lawrence Goldsmith

NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SPECIAL

a courtship poem

Someone kept watering the petunias
On the glassed in front porch
Of the summer house (but
It was fall- no one there!)
'til they shone like pink
Beacons on Monhegan
In the fog weeks when the horn's
On all the time telling
'bout rock ledges and waves
And blue spruce keep
Crusting and breaking.

Our love could grow like that....

Bantams screech after
Waialeale Forest storms,
Sharp orange,
Gleaming rust with red wattles,
They display their chrome bibs.

And so I have showed off....

We follow shamans to
The stone wheels high up
In the Sawtooths, the Siskiyous;
We watch daggers
Of sun sink down a cliff face
At solstice, sink into
The spiral we carved there
Beyond First Mesa, beyond Taos...

I stand in awe of the other....

How you painted suns onto
Your face for the corn
Celebration, how you adjusted
Your head band, that one dance
“Of the women” (only they
Know your true name)
But I know it!

THE LAWERI

after the film Close Encounters

All your memories
(When you die
They'll go with you),
But, at least
Laweri
Will still,
Rise up nights,
From great depths,
Glowing
In round schools
Like galaxies –
Luminous
Shelves of them –
Platinum
Doilies,
Up through the
Obsidian
Waters
Off Banda.



"Beyond Taos," Ouray Meyers

FALL ASPENS

in memory, Carl Sagan

The Allen
Telescope array
Or dish antennas at
Goldstone,
Arecibo
Patiently listening
For that first noise
From/of others
In the universe...
We are hopeful.

We could broadcast a
Statement sharp yellow-
Fall aspens
Quaking
The North Rim
Of the Canyon along
Bright Angel
Trail-
Heraldic,
Resounding,

Like elks bugling
Marcato in
Fall aspens
Up past
Durango.

DIRGE/REQUIEM FOR THE MONTEVERDE GOLDEN TOAD

The gold-tangerine toads of Monte Verde, Costa Rica are extinct. One day, our guide, Adrian, noticed they were gone. He had kept a few for display in a terrarium and had noticed them underfoot out on the trails, but no more! Like canaries in a mine, these little harbingers of disaster and global warming to come had gone.

A number of causes were possible, from loss of habitat to disease due to ultra-violet rays and the loss of the ozone layer. High on this spine of mountains, Adrian had witnessed a "speciesscide," murder at our hands.

Light is still moist and velvety as it is near oceans and coasts because of reflection off the water. Here it reflects off the clouds. Everything glows all the more.

The deep purple, saber wing hummingbirds still hover near the feeders put out for the tourists. Adrian can still take you into the forest and point out the resplendent quetzal with the electric green tail, sacred to the Mayans.

The rain seems constant; the lorikeets still sweep by in it, chattering incessantly like the wind. The neon blue, iridescent morpho butterfly still jukes just out of reach. Tarantulas with their bold red bands still sidle and lope across the road.

The howler monkeys still sleep in their night nests in the puissant rain, more a fine mist than a pelting. At Monte Verde, the nearby volcano of Arenal rumbles ominously. Still, there is the calming, surrounding hiss in the cloud forest- a slight, rushing noise. You and I sleep in it- it holds us like the ocean at night would if we were sailing.

Adrian tells me that he likes to be in the windy places. Like Monte Verde, they mean change, energy. You know us, we won't fix the global warming until it's too late. But, for us, the change is going to be for the worse.

The environmental or green movement needs a quilt like the one woven for AIDS victims-memorializing the disappearing species. each one on a panel. The species "homo sapiens" will have to be added, but there won't be any seamstress to sew us on the quilt!

Luckily, groups like the Earth Liberation Front are trying to protest our suicidal direction. I propose the Monte Verde golden toad as a device for their flag.

SHORT AND NOT SO SHORT POEMS,
PARODIES, FRAGMENTS, DOGGEREL,
DRINKING SONGS

3 SHORT POEMS

To Rumi (That Mystic Galoot)

1. An orange squeaks when you peel it
What rain means to a tiger.
2. *(after Hart Crane)* Black angus scald in melon fields.
3. Return to desire, that pure well.

POEM FOUND BY THE DISH MACHINE

"Demand brand
Halves Alberta
Cling peaches."

PARODIES AND DRINKING SONGS

Stopping at a table late in the party or forgetting where I placed my drink

Whose drink this is I think I know...
I left mine on the small table tho',
After too many it's hard to remember,
I do not think that he or she will know
The one whose drink, if not mine, this is;
Were I to drink it, would they make a scene?
Not if I wander to the veranda;
And yet- a winter night- there's snow,
Soon to the bathroom I will have to go.
Maybe it's best to drink alone,
For then, all drinks misplaced yr. own...
Did Frost drink much? I think I know...
This drink was mine, I'm sure! I'll make it so.
Now that I've found a drink, it's sure a shame
That I've forgotten my own name, etc.

After Emily Dickinson's "After great pain, a formal feeling comes":
After great drink, a formal feeling comes

Another Dickinson parody: "Further in summer than the grass":
Further in marriage than the sex,
A solitary mister _____ (fill in the blank)

in the manner of a country and western song:

 Your wife's cheatin on us again
or, Your ex-wife's been cheating on us again
or, My ex-wife's been cheating on me again in my mind

after Wm. Wordsworth's "My heart leaps up":

My heart leaps up when I can see
When the next time we're getting together will be,
And what tit size,
And how unhook, unzip your eyes,
And how to turn your folds of flesh like leaves,
And how to put your clit on "seize"
'til we both buckle, snort out juice
And make of one another further use...

after Wm. Blake, "I was angry with my friend":

I was angry with my friend.
I told my wrath, my wrath did end.
The only problem is — my friend
Did come back in my face again.
He gave to me of grief no end.
I "stomped" my friend and then
His shit with me did finally end.
But now here come his relatives...it never ends.

Afterword: On Poetry

Poetry? It's as if you were diving around a reef where it drops off and the huge mottled flank of a monstrous creature passes beneath, barely in view. Is it dangerous or gentle? It gives a buzz, a shudder, a feeling of awe—its beautiful spots? You scramble up the side of the boat, and the grizzled veteran guide has dropped an anchor to catch it. "Did you see that?!?"

The chain comes up bit through—and that was a large chain! "Whatever it was, it bit right through it!"

FENDING OFF DEATH

"Libera me domine de morte aeterna..."

If death could be like staying up all night
Because you need the stars to sail by,
That would be all right!

Great telescopes prowl down
Through corridors and shelves of light,
Sifting the snow mass for keys....

We listen, scratch down through the static for
(Like pentimento) voices from other galaxies. *They'll know.*
We wait with radio telescope arrays: blue stars
Deneb and Spica through the Hubble.
Goldstone, Arecibo, *we want to know!*

At night we soar out of institutions
We spent all day building, dreaming.
I go riding on up the beach with Gauguin into
His late palette: pinks, greens, blues.
Or I'm out swimming with reef fish,
Blue tang, blue wrasse,
Out over the cauliflower coral heads,

Frangipani blossoms, rainbow kalanchoe's
Off white petals, color smudged on in
Pale blues like anise in ouzo;
Hydrangeas suffused blue as if
Blushing, ageratum "blue tango,"
Lobelia "crystal palace,"
I wish I could tell you how
The Snow-in-summer trees blooms each year
In the Melbourne Botanical Garden....
Beauty is enough....partly....

We burn down through
Different layers in the ceremony's seeds
For differing smoke
'til it rises, rain on roofs, a
Rare blue melange, like voices singing...
Looking for answers.

The roads abandoned through woods I explored as a kid in Vermont and would later remember through each bend and where the roads came out but can no longer?, stone walls remembered, the fields I came to, where roads forked,? For a long time these gave me meaning; my brain would retrace these as you keep touching a scar. The memories like icons were enough...I remembered places, I remembered your body as I neared death. Certain landscapes still pop up in the brain...they are replaced by your body.

My death approaches. I dream that I am running from one side of a bridge to the other to watch a boatload of coffins going under, but only one coffin emerges!, mine. Memories still of places now: Hilo, for example, where rain marches punctually on up the volcano into the deep fern and ohia of the national forest, or I remember bits of music...horns sounding off stage.

Every morning in Honolulu Eve laced on her violet running shoes heading out towards Wialae as far as the shopping center and up around the Kaimuki cinder cone and that big bush of yellow bougainvillea growing behind the fire station, then back to the apartment next to mine.

Even then I'd think of death; in the evenings, we'd walk up Analii street, sometimes in the light rain to see the rainbows or giant cloud heads forming up over Pearl Harbor and the city. Everything's going to be all right. That's what mom always said!

Susurrus dove in plumeria,
Canoe practice on the Alai Wai,
The minnow bridge, the bridge of sighs,
The martyrs in the paradise.

CODA

Lo tho' I walk under
Death's shadow I
Might think of
A gate swinging open-
The hinge sound
Like a canyon wren's
Descending notes:
"Da dee bee boo." (*read tapering off*)

Or in Death's valley
I might think of
Carver's Brew Pub, Durango,
Colorado with the
Three special beers,
One raspberry flavored.

A storm comes down out of
Las Truchas, "Trout peaks," mixing
Silvery light with
Gold buckwheat and pinion,
Lightning smell, ozone,
Smell of silver we painted
On models of "spitfires,"
When we were kids...
Sometimes "hellcats,"
Cutting fine balsa...

Yea tho' I walk closer
To death every day
I may think of travelling
The Pennsylvania turnpike
At evening, in the

Cuts down through much strata/
And rock layers
As the roadbed turns,
Down through oil soaked stone
Sometimes blue, sometimes roan.

CODA 2

Looking out over the Connecticut River into New Hampshire,
listening to Grandma and wondering:

“If death could be like staying up all night
To watch the stars, well, or some dark flue
(Like the “Roaring Spout,” Dark Harbor, Maine-
The waves boom through)?
But it’s only my heart (or yours) at night...sometimes lately
I sense the big “D” coming on,
(O, I try to treat it lightly)- in my dreams
I’m back in Vermont, the Lord of all meadows
A kid with my .22, killing birds
In the abandoned barns shooting up,
But in dream the barn’s a shed of glass
Towering, towering, night rushes
In when I shoot at the morphos
That juke down towards me, (I can’t hit them),
Their wings morph, blue silver
And the tropical light adds velvet.
Neon, translucent, they’re crashing,
Crashing around me in slow motion.

I try to imagine a time when
We’re not together at night?
I don’t want to be there!- it’s PITCH BLACK!!
Like the Connecticut River
At Black Mountain.

TWO LATE POEMS

to Sylvie

Jardin sur le Nil

Her sillage, scent sillage,
Precedes her, firm, clear:
"Iris naturelle, absolue,"
Essence of iris obtained
"From the root not the flower,"
The Armani "matte," or Hermes-
"Verouille a tous les etages,"
And for Ariane I'd add bitter orange,
An unblemished peel, and green mango,
Before she comes in the room....and after.

Epithalmion- to Tony Kushner

You may remember me
On some rainy, misty morning
Like hoping for an afterlife...
Like the old Biblical names
Came back to us:
Amaranth,
Pa.....Bethesda-
Angel of the healing waters,
Or Moroni pronounced Muh rawn aye-
Angel of delusion, angel
On top of
Disney looking Mormon temple-
Our lady of the DC Beltway.

Somewhere
An animal in agony, its bones broken,
Being dragged to a hidden place

Where it will be eaten- that's
"Nature's way"- but I like to think on
How the "body
Is the garden
Of the soul"....

About the Author

David Eberhardt was born in March, 1941. As a peace protester, he was incarcerated at Lewisburg Federal Prison for pouring blood on draft files in 1967 with Father Phil Berrigan and two others to protest the Vietnam war. He has worked in the field of criminal justice since 1974. He is the author of *The Tree Calendar* (Dolphin Moon Press, 1987).